

SUPPLEMENT TO

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GRATIS.

SUPPLEMENT.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MR. MORLEY ON MACHIAVELLI.

"Machiavelli." The Romanes Lecture, 2 June, 1897.
By the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P. London:
Macmillan. 1897.

THE form in which Mr. Morley has ventured, for a moment, to reappear in literature is amusing. Mr. Gladstone having delivered a Romanes Lecture, the faithful henchman may do the same, without endangering his position in the constituencies. The approach to letters is so gingerly made that it hardly compromises Mr. Morley more than a rectorial address at Glasgow might Mr. Chamberlain or a Chancellor's epistle from Cambridge the Duke of Devonshire. This is not the professional author speaking of what he knows and loves; it is the professional politician indulgently unbending in the presence of a cluster of Oxford dons. We confess that this lecture on "Machiavelli" has surprised us; we expected it to be academic, but scarcely to find it perfunctory. We were prepared to be chilled by a certain frigidity of utterance; what surprises us is that the lecturer yawns in our faces. If we are not moved or impressed, it is not because the author is too stately or too rigid; it is because he appears to be so much bored with his own lucubrations that he can scarcely finish the hour. This is the Nemesis of Mr. Morley's long unfaithfulness to the profession which Nature intended him to adorn. He loses the power to entertain himself, and then even the power to interest us.

The historian of intellectual life in our age will have a curious task to carry out when he reaches the name of Mr. Morley. He will discover that about the time of Her Majesty's accession a group of men were born whose function seemed to be to renew the forces of literary life, to blow the ash from the flame, to give themselves entirely to the practice of noble writing. He will chronicle the career of Walter Pater, dying with his unfinished "Pascal" open on the desk; of Seeley with his pure, undeviating passion for truth; the ardours of William Morris and Mr. Swinburne; the devotion to letters of others less than these will pass him in review; and then he will come to Mr. Morley. From 1859, when his journalistic career practically began, to 1880, when he succumbed to the fascination of a political career, there was not one of the men whose names we have just mentioned to whom he was not a rival. But within this period of activity with the pen there was an inner space of specially brilliant literary achievement, and the Mr. John Morley of whom posterity will hear laboured from the "Edmund Burke" of 1867 to the "Diderot and the Encyclopædists" of 1878. It was during this decade—from his thirtieth to his fortieth year—that Mr. Morley was not merely a radiating centre of intellectual force and courage, but a practitioner, a writer of sound and admirable books. If we would follow the symptoms of Mr. Morley's case, we must look at what he published between 1878 and 1883, the year of that imperative call to Newcastle which finally led him to commit literary suicide. But when he accepted the political life fourteen years ago, was he flinging away a career of increasing splendour or was he retreating from a task which was already beginning to burden him? It is usual to presume that it was the former; we confess that we sometimes suspect it to have been the latter.

Our suspicion is deepened by the perusal of each

new fragment of Mr. Morley's work. It was first roused by the "Walpole" of 1889, and every recent utterance has increased it. The qualities by the exercise of which Mr. Morley secured his literary position were his lucidity of style, of course, and that has not left him yet, and a certain grand manner in the architecture of a subject. He knew how to deal in proportion with the component parts of a great theme, how to arrange the structure, how to insist without excessive emphasis on just those phases and phenomena which were essential to his immediate purpose. The extreme felicity of his studies of Voltaire and Rousseau, which retain their perennial interest for us, consisted not in their addition of anything to knowledge, not in the abundance and accuracy of the information they imparted, but in their admirable fitness to the purpose in hand, their completeness as illustrations of what the author desired to make vivid and prominent in the personality of each figure. These studies were in the best sense monographs; each gave a picture of the life and work and influence of a certain man, in which every side of his genius and fortune received an equally adequate attention. In these French essays, indeed, Mr. Morley gave himself plenty of space; yet the man who speaks to-day of the Encyclopædists in a couple of volumes is forced to select and curtail scarcely less than he who describes them in an article. But in his great days Mr. Morley found no difficulty in doing this. He poured his ideas into the necessary mould and there was no waste metal.

What a lecture on Machiavelli he would have written in 1877! It would have been all of a piece, it would have illustrated one central conception. We know not for whom this Romanes address was composed. If for the undergraduates and the ladies, it presupposes too large an acquaintance with facts; if for scholars, the timidity of its judgments and the uncertainty of its direction will have caused, surely, not a little polite bewilderment. It must be remembered that from Mr. Morley much is expected. It is expected, at least, that his analysis of the position held by Machiavelli in the world of European thought should be clearly defined and justly felt. But the scrappiness of the lecture must strike the least critical reader. It is a trifle, but not altogether an unimportant one, that the address begins with the statement that "the greatest of the Florentines has likened worldly fame to the breath of the wind." We naturally suppose, as no name is mentioned, that Mr. Morley is boldly giving this designation to the subject of his address; we presently perceive that he means Dante, of course, but our attention has been dislocated at the outset. This is a very little thing, but it indicates a rustiness, of which, as we proceed, we find but too many proofs.

We are difficult to please with such a mode of exposition as Mr. Morley has chosen. He opens with a series of remarks on the sinister reputation under which Machiavelli has continued to labour; from this we pass, without obtaining an opinion as to whether this ill fame was deserved, to a rough sketch of Machiavellism in Europe, closing abruptly with a sentence about Montesquieu. Then, without a transition, this second theme having been dropped, four pages are dedicated to the outline of the man's life. At no time was the visual faculty highly developed in Mr. Morley; he was always more at home among ideas than among pictures. There is not a single sentence, not an adjective, in this whole lecture which makes the figure of Machiavelli live before us, save the picturesque page from one of his own letters written from San Casciano, which Mr. Morley quotes in an admirable translation by John Addington Symonds. We pass on, and reach another fragment of several pages, dealing with Machiavelli's

attitude to revolution, the disentanglement of his mind on political questions from convention. This is quite excellent, and so full of the old severe lucidity, that it is a temptation to suppose it a short essay from Mr. Morley's flourishing period, now at length found a place for and put out to service.

But on p. 33 it seems necessary to Mr. Morley to tell us the story of Cæsar Borgia, a lengthy and unsatisfactory digression. The lecturer, satisfied with his effect, then all but nominally leaves Machiavelli and chats with us about "the recognition of duty towards inferior races" and the "moral intrepidity" of Parliaments. We are warned by the great Home Ruler in Opposition that States cannot "enter on courses of duplicity and selfish violence without paying the penalty in national demoralization." We fidget in our seats until we hear the name of Machiavelli pronounced again, and then our interest awakens. But too late, for the discourse is over, and the Right Honourable gentleman sits down amid the deafening plaudits of a crowded Sheldonian Theatre. It has been very well; there have been fragments of carefully constructed and gracefully polished English, but no fresh aspect has been presented, no line of valuable investigation suggested. It was hardly worth while for Mr. Morley to take the trouble to go to Oxford to tell us in this roundabout way, and in this patchwork style, that he disapproves of the policy of the Government, and that he has lost the habit of literary composition.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

"Cabot's Discovery of North America." By G. E. Weare. London: Macqueen. 1897.

MR. WEARE'S book makes its appearance in the very nick of time. John Cabot sighted land on the other side of the Atlantic on 24 June, 1497, and both in Bristol and Halifax the four hundredth anniversary of the event will be celebrated with considerable enthusiasm in the course of the next three weeks. Mr. Weare lends his voice to a chorus which has of late assumed quite respectable proportions. His theme is the glorification of John Cabot, the father, and the dethronement of Sebastian, the son, from the place of honour he has held in history during three centuries. Mr. Weare ruthlessly assists in tearing away the laurels with which time has encircled the brow of the man whose memory, not so long ago, Englishmen revered as that of the father of their maritime greatness. Although Mr. Weare cannot claim to have embarked on any voyage of discovery of his own in the apportionment of the credit due to John Cabot—although as a matter of fact he follows a track well marked by Mr. Henry Harrisse and others—his enterprise is not by any means supererogatory. A good popular account of geographical knowledge up to the end of the fifteenth century and an easily grasped estimate of the character of the Cabots, *père et fils*, are very useful just now, and Mr. Weare manages to combine both. In the result there is comparatively little to criticize. A reference to "de Gama" as the Portuguese discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope is a piece of carelessness, because elsewhere the writer shows that he knows Diaz was the discoverer. Mr. Weare's naïveté is often charming, and shines especially in the note in which he explains that "renaissance" really means re-birth. He has at times an irritating tendency to repeat himself and to magnify the unimportant. In such a work as this, too, he surely might have been content to publish translations of documents only, instead of giving both original and translation.

There is no more fascinating study than that of the ideas which dominated geography down to the end of the fifteenth century. All romance seems to be summed up in the speculations and traditions of Europe with regard to creation beyond the waters of the Atlantic. Stories of fabled cities and mysterious lands, and monsters of the deep which assisted to preserve those cities and those lands from discovery, were common, and had been handed down from time immemorial. Mr. Weare deals ably, though not by any means as exhaustively as he might, with ancient ideas as to the Atlantic Ocean. He practically ignores the

question of Phœnician adventure and settlement in the North of South America, on which a certain light is shed by Aztec civilization. Neither does he refer to the Sagas of the Norsemen, which in some measure do for the North what the stories of the Hesperides and El Dorado do for the Central and Southern parts of the Atlantic. That America, North and South, was known many centuries ago admits of little doubt, and it is curious that, whilst in fable some such place was said to exist, when the continent was actually discovered it was believed that Asia had been reached. Transatlantic enterprise is directly traceable to the influence of Marco Polo, whose narrative of his travels in the land of the Grand Khan fired the imagination of adventurous spirits like Columbus and Cabot. Genoa was full of the theory that the East, whence came the wealth and glory of Venice, was to be found by voyaging West. The idea of a spherical earth was not new to geography; Aristotle and Strabo and others among the ancients appear to have entertained it. Of the sons of Genoa who came to the conclusion that the best way to tap the riches of the East was to voyage on across the Atlantic until land was reached, Columbus is best known, and John Cabot deserves to hold at least second place. Like Columbus, Cabot seems to have hawked his ideas from capital to capital. When Columbus proposed to sail under the English flag, Henry VII. rejected the offer, but when, under the Spanish flag, Columbus had, as was believed, accomplished his object, Cabot's representations were accorded an almost eager welcome by the King, who realized the mistake he had made. The petition of March 1496 was followed by the grant of letters patent, under which, in May 1497, Cabot set sail from Bristol on the voyage which England and America are now about to commemorate.

It is not necessary here to go again over the ground which we covered rather more than a year ago concerning Sebastian Cabot. Despatches from foreign representatives in England which have been unearthed, and which Mr. Weare discusses at length, show that Sebastian was the leader neither in the voyage of 1497 nor in that of 1498. It is indeed questionable whether he even crossed the Atlantic with his father on either of those voyages. To the vast majority of readers the evidence contained in these despatches will be new, and nowadays, when detective stories are the rage, should attract attention from the mere fact that Sebastian has been deposed by a process of following up clues worthy of Scotland Yard itself. The danger now is that John Cabot, having been placed in the position of primacy to which he is entitled, will be unduly lauded. Mr. Weare is a hero-worshipper and finds it difficult to restrain his enthusiasm. Cabot did a great thing undoubtedly. Foreigner and poor as he was, as Raimondo de Soncino, writing to the Duke of Milan in December 1497, said, his story was so remarkable that it would probably hardly have gained credence in England if his companions had not been Bristol men. His voyage across the Atlantic was, in some ways, a greater feat than Columbus's. His little vessel was not wafted by favouring trade winds, but had to face boisterous breezes in an iceberg-laden sea. To the Spanish ambassador, Cabot's success under the English flag was a source of heart-burning, and he did not hesitate to suggest that the region belonged to Ferdinand and Isabella. Under the famous Bull of Alexander VI. Spain and Portugal claimed to divide all undiscovered heathen lands between them—as though, to quote the happy rejoinder of Francis I., "our first father, Adam, had made them his sole heirs!" It has been held by considerable authorities that Cabot's discovery settled for all time whether the Anglo-Saxon or the Spaniard should be the possessor of North America. We fail to see how it settled any such question. Out of Cabot's achievement, according to Mr. Weare, came the colonization of portions of the territory by Englishmen. That seems to us sheer conjecture. So far as we know, Cabot's discovery was not followed up. The 1498 voyage was a fiasco, and the first settlements in North America were French. Nor is it reasonable to claim that Cabot was the pioneer of English colonization, as the "Times"—quoted with approval by Mr. Weare—did a year ago. His enterprise was stillborn. An acorn

that is planted, but does not take root, can hardly be called the pioneer of a forest. The pioneer of English colonization was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in 1583—nearly a century after Cabot. Nevertheless, all honour to John Cabot, the plucky fellow-countryman of Columbus, who planted the British flag on the mainland of North America a year before Columbus planted the Spanish flag on the mainland of South America.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MORRIS.

"A Bibliography of the Works of William Morris."
By Temple Scott. London: Bell. 1897.

"THE work achieved by William Morris," observes the author of this book in his preface, "as a poet, artist and social economist, is nowhere more amply recorded than in his writings and publications." Certainly, when we reflect that the endless publications here described—these poems, romances, writings on art, socialistic writings, translations, contributions of all kinds to periodicals and magazines, to say nothing of the long list of books printed and issued by him at the Kelmscott Press—when we reflect that all this mass of work forms but one part of what he actually accomplished, that fine manuscripts with rich miniatures done by his own hand, wood-blocks never published cut by himself, the conduct of his factory and place of business, endless designs for tapestries, woven stuffs of all kinds, printed cretonnes, wall-papers, stained-glass windows, decorative paintings, furniture, decorative schemes for palaces and cottages, meetings without number attended and speeches without number made both on behalf of the Socialist League and the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings—that all these find no mention in these pages, we can only exclaim "Prodigious!" We are apt to think of William Morris as a leader of the Æsthetic school of Art; but perhaps another age will remember him, as we chiefly remember Byron, for his humanity, his immense vitality.

"I should be too sanguine," says Mr. Temple Scott, "did I believe that I have exhausted every source; and, indeed, the presence of an 'addenda' would be a sufficient reproof." His book, however, appears to have been fairly carefully done; and we are not aware of any omission of importance. It would be possible, however, to point to more than one error (for instance, "The Story of the Glittering Plain" was not illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, when it first appeared in the "English Illustrated Magazine"), and to add to the list of Reviews and Criticisms upon Mr. Morris's writings; but we doubt whether such additions would greatly add to the value of the book. There are, moreover, several minutiae of bibliography which Mr. Temple Scott has passed over, and which are of a kind particularly pleasing to the bibliographer who never deigns to descend from the higher walks of pure bibliography. Thus, the address on "The Decorative Arts" published by Ellis & White in 1878 was issued by them in two different wrappers, one of which is dated and the other undated. Again, the address to the President and Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects, to protest against the proposal to make the practice of architecture a closed profession, bears amongst other names that of William Morris. It is printed at the end of the Preface, p. xxxiv., to a collection of essays on the subject entitled "Architecture, a Profession or an Art," published by Mr. Murray in 1892. But the rarest and most curious item which we are able to adduce is a single sheet in folio, bearing on the first page a large allegorical design, drawn in a very original manner, and bearing the legend "POCVLVM AMORIS." Attached to the handle of the "poculum" is a label inscribed "The 'earty-crafty Theatre of Varieties, Barnard's Inn, Holborn, Feb. 9, '93." The remaining pages of this sheet are given over to a description of the entertainment, which we are told was "positively for this night only." The first "turn" was by "the President, Mr. William Morris, N.B., P.T.O., R.S.V.P.," who was followed—but we must leave it to some blue-blooded bibliographer to discover an impression and elucidate the persons.

In a note at the end of his Bibliography of the books issued from the Kelmscott Press, Mr. Temple Scott

gives a brief notice of the projected books of which notices were issued, but which are now abandoned. This notice might with advantage have been more complete. William Morris had contemplated an annotated catalogue of his own library of manuscripts and early printed books; and amongst other editions which he hoped to have printed was a volume of musical compositions by King Henry VIII. and the English composers contemporary with him. The project originated with Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who was to have designed the woodcuts; and the music, which was to have consisted of the contents of two manuscripts in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 31,922 and 5,665, was to have been edited by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. The project was carried so far that the photographing of the manuscripts was actually commenced. But of such things we shall have, no doubt, a copious account in the authorized Life of William Morris, which is duly to appear. Mr. Buxton Forman, we understand, has for many years been engaged upon a Bibliography, which will no doubt, when issued, be the authoritative work of its kind. Meanwhile we are grateful to Mr. Temple Scott for his little book.

A NEW LONDON HANDBOOK.

"The London Handbook: an Annual Magazine, Record, and Review, 1897." London: The Grosvenor Press. 1897.

THIS handbook, we are told, is the outcome of a belief that "there is an actual requirement for a book with London as its subject, quite different from the round of Baedekers, almanacs, and histories." If there exists such a requirement, which we doubt, we cannot see that this publication meets it. It is certainly quite different from the ordinary handbook to London; but this is not an advantage, and we utterly fail to see where its usefulness comes in. The Londoner, we should say, has no need for it. The regulation guide is informative from cover to cover, and that is why the serious visitor, whether he be from the country or from abroad, invests in it. Stuff such as this is of no use to him, or, so far as we can tell, to any one else:—"Among many other public erections in London, we should like to pull down the following: the National Gallery, Buckingham Palace, Euston Road, the Albert Memorial, the County Council lodging-house in Parker Street, the Royal Aquarium, and Camden Town, &c." This brilliant ebullition of wit is taken from the section entitled "London in Detail," and the rest of that section is on a par with it. We would suggest that, if this work is to appear again, the writers should repress their inclination to be laboriously funny, and should content themselves with being simply accurate. We suggest further the elimination of the "puff" element, which is very strong in the last fifty pages. It is a very indifferent feature. The contribution "At the Bar" might also have been left out, not without advantage to the tone of the whole. Again, is it really necessary to publish verses by dull and witless Mr. Zangwill? We must not forget the symposium, "The Heart of the World" (London to wit), which boasts of contributions by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain and others, not excluding the irrepressible Sir Walter Besant. We confess that at first we took the remarks of Mr. Chamberlain on our relations with our Colonies and of Mr. Balfour on London as an Imperial city as jokes at the expense of these statesmen. But there seems to be no doubt of the bona-fide character of the observations. We hope they are pleased with the company in which they find themselves.

A TAME NOVEL.

"The Tombstone Treasure." By Fergus Hume.
London: Jarrold. 1897.

ONE of that band of keen humourists, who are wont to hide their light under the ironical cover of laudatory reviews, once praised a book, that would have embarrassed the swallowing powers of a normal boaconstrictor, by saying that the character-drawing was "guileless of subtleties." Those who are in search of

such negative virtues could not do better than study "The Tombstone Treasure." It is guileless of everything. No tiniest ripple comes to disturb the blank surface of Mr. Hume's novel. We tried our best to smile when, in a soliloquy, the hero vehemently cried: "Were I to ask her in marriage, she would deem me a fortune-hunter at best"; and again, when the Irish heroine, who began by saying, "'Tis delighted I am," remarked, "When we learn why these errors were perpetrated"; but the attempt was a failure. Even the best intentions need a little more encouragement than that.

LITERARY NOTES.

AN elaborate work of archæological and topographical interest is due from Messrs. Chapman & Hall next week under the title of "The Dolmens of Ireland." The author, Mr. William Copeland Borlase, has devoted ten years to the production of the five volumes, which will throw new light on the megalithic monuments known to antiquarians as "dolmens," but commonly as "cromlechs," in which the Green Isle abounds.

Another book which Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish at the same time has the ambitious object of affording a key "to the larger developments and wider issues of the Eastern Question." The full title is "The Eastern Crisis of 1897 and British Policy in the Near East."

Mr. Andrew Lang has been very much in earnest over his "Book of Dreams and Ghosts," which Messrs. Longmans are preparing for an early date. With the aid of the Society for Psychical Research, he has been able to produce many modern stories at first hand, besides dealing with such noteworthy "spooks" as those of Lord Lyttelton, the Duke of Buckingham, the Ricketts and Wesley, and the ghost-lore of Iceland, China and the Highlands. Another book from the same prolific pen, "Modern Theology," is also ready.

Mr. Gladstone's impartiality in the matter of post-cards has become historical, but he has singled out Mr. John Le Breton for special favour in a long letter upon the author's new novel "Miss Tudor." Commenting upon the music-hall revelations contained therein, he writes, "I find your book to be of intense, though most painful, interest. Such double-dyed villains as Lamb are not, I hope, even in this evil world, to be found every day."

Our national game is fast acquiring a literature of its own. Messrs. Sampson Low are issuing a third and popular edition of "Annals of Cricket," by the veteran Surrey amateur, Mr. W. W. Read. Besides giving the author's experiences, covering twenty-four years, the volume contains a history of the game from its birth, a review of last season's tour in Australia, and an introduction by Mr. J. Shuter.

Mr. Ewing Ritchie ("Christopher Crayon") is giving the world the benefit of his observations in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, in a volume which he calls "Cities of the Dawn." Mr. Fisher Unwin is producing it on the 8th inst., together with a work of theological interest, "The Place of Death in Evolution," by the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, who is the author of "Personal Creeds."

Mr. Edward Whymper is supplementing his volume on "Chamounix and the Range of Mont Blanc" with another on "Zermatt and the Matterhorn." Like the former book, this is fully illustrated by the artist's own productions, and is in the hands of Mr. John Murray.

A new selection is being made from the poems of the late Hon. Roden Noel. The work will be published, probably, in the autumn, by Mr. Elkin Mathews, with a preface by Mr. Percy Addleshaw.

The sale of the library of the late Rev. H. A. Holden, and a selected portion of that of the Rev. W. Walbran, of Pendleton, Clitheroe, which Messrs. Sotheby recently put up to auction, realized a total of £861 18s. The same firm announce some interesting sales during the next two weeks. On the 10th inst. they will dispose

of a very complete collection of George Cruikshank's drawings, including the illustrations he intended for his autobiography and a nearly complete set of his caricatures; on the 15th inst. they will hold a sale of books and manuscripts, among the latter being illuminated Horæ, Oriental MSS., and a holograph manuscript of Mr. Swinburne. Some rare first editions of modern authors are comprised in the book list.

But perhaps the greatest interest will attach to the sale of the manuscript memoir of Nelson's early life, written entirely in his own handwriting, at Messrs. Sotheby's on the 15th. The same date is fixed for the disposal of Sir Walter Scott's autograph manuscripts, such as the "Lady of the Lake," "Old Mortality," "Tales of a Grandfather," "Castle Dangerous," and his "Essay on Popular and Ballad Poetry."

Messrs. Puttick & Simpson have also some important announcements of early sales. Among these are a fine collection of Ex-Libris, with examples of Jacobean, Chippendale and wreath and ribbon styles, fixed for 9 June. The following day will see the sale of the liturgical library of an eminent collector, which includes Horæ MSS., Breviaries, Sarum and other missals. Among the more noteworthy books in the fine collection which will come to the hammer on 14 June may be mentioned R. L. Stevenson's "Some College Memories," which is one of thirty copies issued for private circulation; a first edition of William Morris's earliest publication, "Sir Galahad"; and first editions of Grimm's "Popular Stories" and "The Humourist," with etchings by George Cruikshank.

Two fresh series of photographic albums are promised by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited. The first will deal with the Royal River, giving copper-plate views of the Thames, from Richmond to Oxford; the second will be of zoological interest, giving illustrations of animals in all parts of the world, photographed by Mr. Gambier Bolton. Both will be issued in twelve parts.

Mr. Kipling's latest compositions are a poem which he designates "The Feet of the Young Men," and an Indian short story, entitled "The Tomb of his Ancestors."

To keep a grasp of Jubilee literature is becoming difficult. Mr. Fisher Unwin is adding ten volumes to the list on the subject of British Imperial extension, to be called "Builders of the British Empire." The first volume tells the story of Sir Walter "Raleigh," as the author, Major M. A. S. Hume, renders the great adventurer's name. The editor of the series is Mr. H. F. Wilson, private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, and the dedication has been accepted by the Queen.

The loyalty of Oxford is to be expressed at the Diamond Jubilee by its Professor of Poetry, Mr. W. J. Courthope: his official ode will be issued by the Clarendon Press in a similar form to that of Professor Palgrave ten years ago. Mr. Henry Frowde has also in preparation two volumes of "Johnsonian Miscellanies," edited by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill.

The criticism of lady authors of the past generation by their successors of the present has suggested the motive of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett's "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign." The writers selected for the task are Mrs. Lynn Linton, Miss Edna Lyall, Mrs. Macquoid, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Parr, and Miss Adeline Sergeant.

This year will be rich in biographies. The memoirs of Prince Henry of Battenberg have been entrusted by the Queen to Mr. Prothero, Editor of the "Quarterly Review." Only five hundred copies will be printed for private circulation among friends and relatives. The poets will be represented by Mrs. Coventry Patmore's memoirs of her husband, in which she will be assisted by Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. Basil Champneys, who designed the obelisk monument for the grave in Lymington Cemetery; and the Life of Lord Tennyson, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are reserving for the fifth anniversary of his death on 6 October.

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